



JET ACES IN ACTION

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

ALL NEW

N° 3

Ao 11/21

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

10¢

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was



IN 10 MINUTES OF
FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I just
did!



How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5 PICTURE PACKED
HE MAN COURSES**

Which YOU can NOW get FREE!

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1

GET
ALL 5
FREE

"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles."
says John
Sill.

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I added
7 inches
to my
CHEST
3 inches
to each
ARM...
says
Jobie
Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15
SILVER CUP
as I just did
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!

JIM NORMAN
AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon
90 lb.
Skatester
He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE!"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity



This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a 16" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give you a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as **EVERY MAN**
should. Soon you'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are, I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MAHY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERs
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-61

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100.00,

Jowett Courses
available in
New York
Building
All-Around
Men
- R. P. Kellier
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
228 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
"AMAZING SECRETS" showing ALL 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses. 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build a Mighty Legs. "How to
Develop 520 MUSCLES in 10 Minutes a Day." Name all
Volunteers to become a "MIGHTY MAN". ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING inc C.O.D. 61

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ TONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

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February, 1958

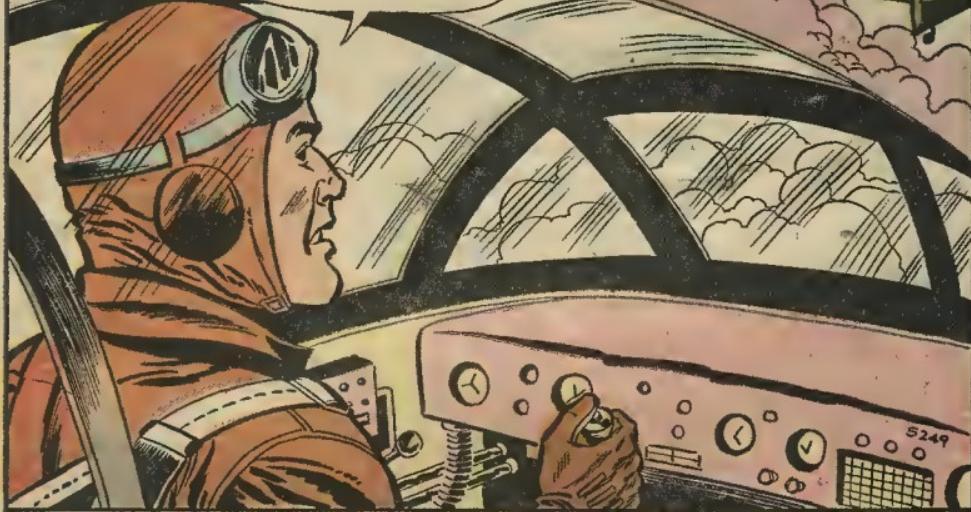
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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

SHOOTING DOWN THE ENEMY WAS ALL PART OF THE JOB TO FIGHTER PILOT RAY HART UNTIL LADY LUCK STOPPED SMILING. THEN DEATH CAME TO CHALLENGE THE....

P-39 ACE

THAT'S IT, BABY! GRAB FOR THE SKY! YOU'RE RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS!



HEADING FOR HOME AFTER A STRAFING MISSION, FIGHTER ACE RAY HART SPOTS AN ENEMY PLANE HIDING IN THE CLOUDS! CLIMBING STEEPLY, HE GUNS HIS P-39 OVER THE STARTLED PLANE, AND...

"WINGED HIM -- BUT NOT ENOUGH FOR A KNOCK-OUT!"



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE



MINUTES LATER, THE VICTORIOUS FIGHTER ACE SWOOPS DOWN TOWARDS THE RUNWAY OF HIS AIRFIELD WITH SECONDS OF FUEL TO SPARE...



BUT AS LIEUTENANT HART WALKS OUT OF INTELLIGENCE SHACK LATER...



THE PILOT'S EXASPERATION INCREASES EVEN FURTHER WHEN HE WALKS IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM...

NO DOPE FROM THE GROUND OBSERVATION CENTER, SIR!

THAT PUTS US OUT OF THE LEAD! I LET YOU DOWN AGAIN, GUYS! BUT TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY!

SQUADRON "A"
HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT
SQUADRON "B"
HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT
SQUADRON "C"
HIT!



MORNING -- AND P-39'S OF FLIGHT "A" TAXI TOWARDS THE STARTING LINE, THEIR WINGS GLINTING IN THE MORNING SUN! THE FLIGHT LEADER RAISES HIS ARM, AND ONE BY ONE THE SLEEK FIGHTERS SCOUR INTO THE SKY...



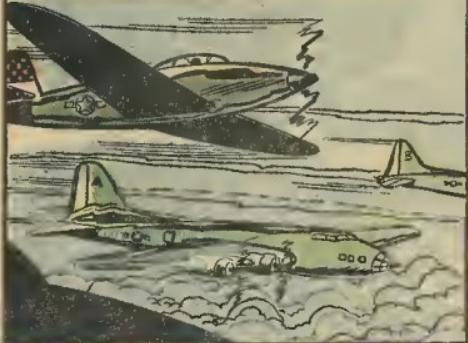
HELLO, TURBAN TWO! BRUTUS LEADER CALLING! RENDEZVOUS WITH FORTS DEAD AHEAD! STEER O960--ZERO, & HELLO, NINE, SIX!

TWO ANSWERING! STEERING O960! ROGER OUT!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

FINALLY, FRANCE AND THE RENDEZVOUS WITH FLYING FORTS! THEN AT 27,000 FEET AND IN PERFECT FORMATION, THE ALUED SORTIE HEADS FOR IT'S TARGET...



LOOK OUT, TURBAN AIRCRAFT! THERE ARE FORTY PLUS BANDITS UNDER YOU!

HELLO, BRUTUS LEADER, TURBAN TWO CALLING! CLIMB! SMOKE TRAILS COMING 3 O'CLOCK!



GUNS CHATTERING, A FILIGREE PATTERN MARKED WITH CROSSES AND STARS, THE SKIES ERUPT INTO A FEROCIOUS DOGFIGHT - AND INSIDE HIS OWN SCREAMING P-39, RAY HART MANEUVERS FOR POSITION - WITH TWO OF THE ENEMY CLOSING IN...



...I'LL ROLL OVER AND FRY THEIR KITES MY WAY!



BUT NOW THE OTHER FOCKE-WULF MAKES A TIGHT TURN AND...



THE FIRST TO CHICKEN OUT WILL BE CUT TO RIBBINS! OKAY, LET'S SEE WHO'S THE PATSY!

CLOSER THEY COME! CLOSER... CLOSER... UNTIL...

BULL'S-EYE! SCRATCH TWO!



THE P-39 FLIES THROUGH A SHOWER OF FLAMING DEBRIS, MIRACULOUSLY UNSCRATCHED, BUT NOW, IT FINDS ITSELF ALONE...

HELLO, BRUTUS LEADER... CAN YOU READ ME? HELLO! IT'S NO USE, RADIO'S SHOT UP!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

KNOWING ONLY A FEW MINUTES OF PRECIOUS FUEL REMAIN, THE FIGHTER PILOT HEADS FOR HOME--BUT JUST AS HE NEARS THE CHANNEL...

FLAK! A HEAVY BARRAGE OF IT! THEY WOULDN'T BE FIRING ALL THIS AT JUST ONE PLANE, UNLESS...

AN ENEMY FLYING BOAT! AND IT'S TRYING TO CUT TO THE LEFT TO AVOID ME! I'M OVER ONE OF THEIR SECRET SEA BASES!



A STEEP DIVE BRING THE FIGHTER INTO FIRING POSITION...

THAT REAR GUNNER IS POURING EVERYTHING HE HAS ON ME--BUT I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON ^!



INCREASING HIS SPEED, RAY FIRES BURST AFTER BURST AT THE NINETEEN TON, TWIN ENGINED DORNIER! A PUFFY BLACK MUSHROOM OF SMOKE ERUPTS FROM ONE OF THE ENGINES, AND THE BIG MACHINE LOSES ALTITUDE RAPIDLY...

I'VE HIT THE WING TANKS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

THIS BALL GAME'S OVER FOR TODAY! I'VE JUST MADE THREE HOMERS!



BUT LATER, BACK AT THE BASE...

I... HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, LIEUTENANT... BUT THE FILM DIDN'T JELL! YOUR CAMERA WAS HIT!

WHAAA?



RELAX, FELLAH! THIS BAD LUCK IS GETTING YOU DOWN! YOU'LL PULL OUT OF IT SOON!

MAYBE, BUT NOW IT'S A PERSONAL FIGHT BETWEEN THIS ROTTEN JINK AND ME!



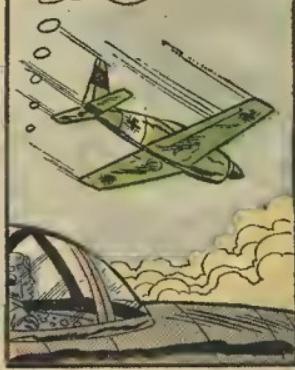
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

DAWN...AND A VOLUNTEER MISSION,
A CALIBRATION FLIGHT FOR THE
RADAR STATIONS CONTROLLING
ALLIED AIRCRAFT! A LONE P-39
SPEARS INTO THE HEAVENS.
GROPING FOR THE SUN...

MINUTES LATER OVER FRANCE,
AS RADAR CONTROL STA-
TIONS CHECK ALTITUDE
READINGS...

HE NEVER THOUGHT I'D
BE WAITING TO CUT
MY SPEED, AND
THAT'S HIS LAST
MISTAKE!

HELLO, TURBAN Z THIS IS
TWO! BEAMER Z IT! HE'S
CALLING. YOU Z GETTING
ARE BEING Z READY
SHADOWED Z TO POUNCE!
BY A PIRATE!
HERE HE COMES!



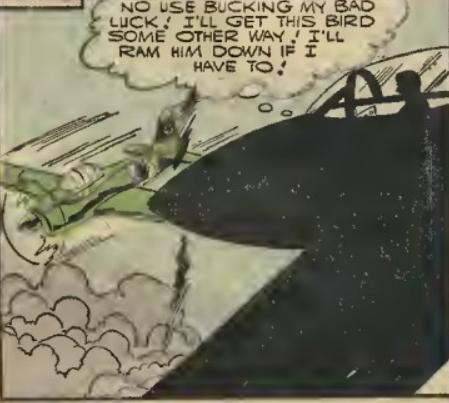
THE HUNTER BECOMES THE HUNTED AS THE P-39
RIDES THE TAIL OF THE MESSERSCHMITT.
TRACERS CHEWING BITS OF METAL AWAY!
SUDDENLY...

PNEUMATIC SYSTEM'S
GONE HAYWIRE! THE
GUNS ARE JAMMED!



THE GRIM AMERICAN QUICKLY IMMELMANNS,
AND...

NO USE BUCKING MY BAD
LUCK! I'LL GET THIS BIRD
SOME OTHER WAY! I'LL
RAM HIM DOWN IF I
HAVE TO!



SENSING THIS NEW THREAT, THE ENEMY PILOT SWERVES
DESPERATELY TO AVOID THE MADMAN BEHIND HIM, BUT
THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO AIRCRAFT SHORTENS,
AND...

RIGHT ON
THE BUTTON!



HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY SO
EASILY! I'LL VERIFY MY KILL
IF I HAVE TO BRING HIM
BACK IN PERSON!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

MOMENTS LATER, THE P-39 BUMPS CRAZILY ACROSS A ROCKY, UNEVEN FIELD...

GUESS HE DOESN'T WANT TO COOPERATE! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



AND HERE COME HIS PALS! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



NO YOU DON'T, MISTER! I WANT YOU ALIVE!

OOOF!



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S VON GRAF HIMSELF. I'VE BAGGED THE LUFTWAFFE'S TOP BOY!



SLINGING HIS UNCONSCIOUS PRISONER OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE PLUCKY LIEUTENANT STAGGERS BACK TOWARDS HIS PLANE IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME...

GOT TO MAKE IT!
GOT TO... BEAT
MY JINX!



MISSION COMPLETED!
NOTHING BETWEEN ME NOW BUT HOME!



LATER, BACK AT THE BASE...

NABBING VON GRAF PUT OUR SQUADRON IN THE LEAD! HE'S WORTH AT LEAST TEN ENEMY PLANES AND A MEDAL, RAY!

KEEP THE MEDAL,
BOYS! I'VE
LICKED
MY JINX! -

AIRON "A"
HIT AH AH

AIRON "B"
HIT!!!



THE END

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

PUZZLE PAGE

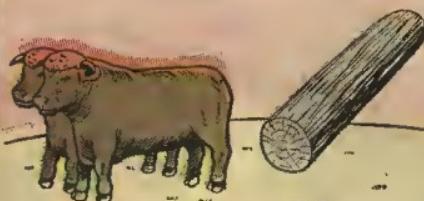
HERE'S A COLLECTION OF REBUS PUZZLES
TO TEST THE WITS OF YOU PUZZLE FANS. JUST
CONVERT THE PICTURES INTO WORDS AND YOU'LL
SOLVE EACH INTERESTING CARTOON PROBLEM.
HERE'S A SAMPLE TO SHOW YOU
HOW IT'S DONE!

FOLKS SAVE THIS FOR A RAINY DAY!



1

NO LIBRARY CAN EXIST WITHOUT THIS!



2



THIS APPLIES
TO ANYONE
WHO GETS THE
RIGHT ANSWERS
TO THESE
PUZZLES!

3

A BUSINESS DEAL NEVER GETS
ANYWHERE WITHOUT THIS!



4



HALLOWE'EN IS NOTHING
WITHOUT THIS!

5

6



7



8



9



10



ANSWERS:

- ① BUMPERSHOOTS ② CATALOG ③ HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD ④ PIN MONEY
- ⑤ FALSE FACE ⑥ BLOCK BUSTER ⑦ FLY WHEEL ⑧ CHICKEN-HEARTED
- ⑨ SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD ⑩ BLOWING HIS OWN HORN

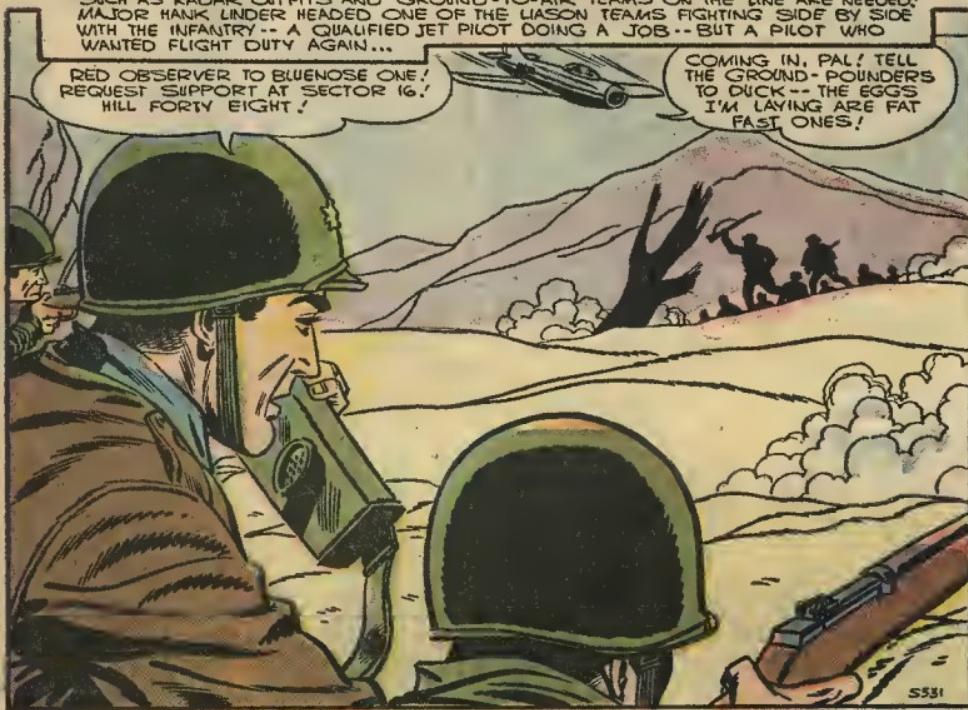
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

LEND LEASE PILOT

“THERE'S MORE TO THE AIR FORCE THAN PILOTS IN JET PLANES-- OTHER DUTIES SUCH AS RADAR OUTFITS AND GROUND-TO-AIR TEAMS ON THE LINE ARE NEEDED! MAJOR HANK UNDER HEADED ONE OF THE LIAISON TEAMS FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE INFANTRY-- A QUALIFIED JET PILOT DOING A JOB-- BUT A PILOT WHO WANTED FLIGHT DUTY AGAIN...”

“RED OBSERVER TO BLUENOSE ONE! REQUEST SUPPORT AT SECTOR 16! HILL FORTY EIGHT!”

“COMING IN, PAL! TELL THE GROUND-POUNDERS TO DUCK-- THE EGGS I'M LAYING ARE FAT FAST ONES!”



5531

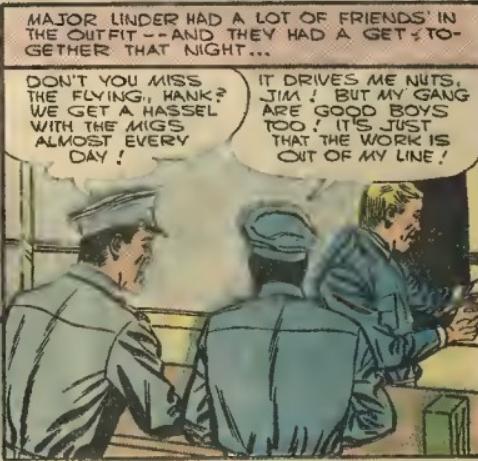
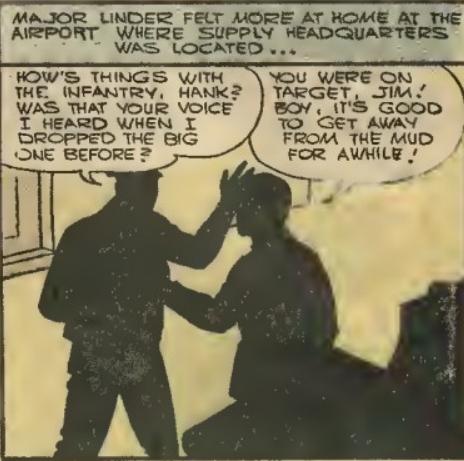


“RIGHT ON THE TARGET! THAT'LL HOLD 'EM AWHILE. SIR!”

“MAYBE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET BACK TO SUPPLY FOR THE EQUIPMENT WE NEED! TELL LIEUTENANT MORSE TO TAKE OVER!”



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THAT'S WHITEY'S SHIP! HE'S ON LEAVE; YOU'VE STILL GOT TIME TO BACK OUT.

ARE YOU CRAZY? I'VE BEEN ACHING FOR A CHANCE TO DO THIS!



IT WAS A ROUTINE MISSION--AIR-GROUND SUPPORT, USING NAPALM BOMBS AND ROCKETS...

CHECK IN, BOYS--HEY, WHO'S FLYING WHITEY'S PLANE?

MAJOR LINER, CARTER! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!



HOW'S IT FEEL TO HIT 'EM THIS WAY
INSTEAD OF BY REMOTE CONTROL?

I LOVE IT, JIM. WATCH ME GET THIS BABY!

THEY GOT THE CONVOY--
AND THAT'S MAJOR LINER UP THERE!

HE WAS DYIN' TO FLY AGAIN, SIR!
WISH I WAS A PILOT!



ALERT THE MEN!
THE REDS ARE MOVING IN!

YES, SIR! I WISH
THE MAJOR WAS HERE NOW!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

KEEP LOW, AND PICK YOUR TARGETS! SPARKS, CALL THE FLY BOYS FOR HELP!



THE RADIOMAN RELAYED THE SERGEANT'S ORDER -- SECONDS LATER ...



HOW'S THAT, SARGE?

YOU CLOBBERED THEM, MAJOR! WE'LL GIFT WRAP YOUR K RATIONS WHEN YOU GET BACK DOWN HERE!



MAJOR LINDER LANDED WITH THE FLIGHT--AND FOUND A CHILLY RECEPTION...

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MAJOR! YOU COULD BE COURT-MARTIALED!

I KNOW THAT, SIR! BUT THE RISK WAS WORTH IT! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO FLYING DUTY, SIR!



MAJOR LINDER ESCAPED WITH A VERBAL REPRIMAND. HE WAS WAITING FOR HIS JEEP DRIVER TO GO BACK TO THE LINES WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS...

YOUR OUTFIT'S IN TROUBLE, SIR! THE REDS ATTACKED AGAIN AND THEY'RE CUT OFF! THEY'LL BE WIPE OUT!

LIKE THE DEVIL THEY WILL--NOT WHILE I CAN STILL FLY A PLANE!



Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

D. DRY SEBORRHEA: The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

O. OILY SEBORRHEA: The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY AND OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

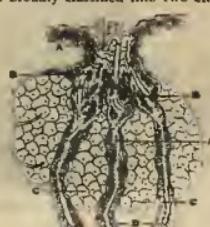
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea**

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it except I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped falling out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used." —E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial feed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —J.M., Johnston, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R.W., Lansdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Toledo, Ohio.

"It helps it stops this itch and retarded the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness." —R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."

—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

© 1950 Comate Laboratories Inc., 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

**COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6611K
18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.**

Please rush my bottle (30-day supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Enclosed find \$5.00, send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

LINDER--DON'T BE A FOOL! I'LL BREAK YOU FOR THIS!

BREAK ME LATER,
MY BOYS ARE
IN TROUBLE!

THE FRESHLY FUELED JET ZOOMED OFF--
IT WAS A MATTER OF MOMENTS WHEN
HE ZOOMED OVER HIS UNIT'S FOXHOLES...



BACK AT THE BASE, COLONEL JAMISON
WAS FUMING WHEN LINDER LANDED...

...RANK INSUBORDINATION! I
COULD HANG YOU FOR THIS!
BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU
SAVED YOUR UNIT! LINDER,
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO
BACK TO FLYING? IF YOU
WANT IT THAT BAD, YOU
CAN HAVE IT!



The End

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

LAUGH!

(IT'S NO CRIME!)

"EVEN AS A KID,
WHEN I WENT TO
THE MOVIES, I
ROOTED FOR THE
CROOKS!"



"HERE'S AN IDEA FOR A BRAND NEW
FOLK SONG... IT'S CALLED
WILLIE SUTTON IS DIGGING
TONIGHT!"





KOREAN MISSION

By John Martin

COLONEL PRIVETT and the two Korean peasants stood by the big helicopter on the airfield at Seoul. The Colonel said:

"According to our information, gentlemen, Dr. Senn, after breaking with the Peiping regime, secretly enlisted with their so-called 'volunteer' forces, intending to surrender to our forces at the proper time. He is, at present, as far as we know, in Kungsang, seventy miles north of the 38th Parallel—and so far he has been unable to escape. Your mission will be to find him and stay with him until our paratroop attack on Kungsang, which is scheduled to begin in six hours, is successfully concluded. Any questions, Lieutenant Haven?"

The Korean peasant next to him saluted.

"Yes, sir. You told us Dr. Senn carries scientific information of great value. Suppose he is unable to convey it to us in written form? What do we do then?"

The other peasant saluted, smiling whimsically.

"What's why I volunteered for the mission, Haven," he said with a French accent. The Colonel glanced at Briquet and chuckled.

"Captain Briquet is a specialist in the same branch of science Dr. Senn represents. If the information cannot be conveyed in written form, it will have to be conveyed verbally through Captain Briquet. Besides, the Captain speaks fluent Chinese—and Kungsang is occupied by Chinese 'volunteer' forces." He paused grimly and then continued, "The important thing, gentlemen, is to find Dr. Senn and keep him out of danger until Kungsang is safely occupied."

United States Army Lieutenant Brick Haven and Captain Henri Briquet of the French Army tightened the parachute belts round their Korean peasant rags.

"You first, *mon ami*," Briquet said, smiling, indicating the open helicopter porte. An instant later, the huge whirling blades had lifted the machine into the cloudy Korean night.

The seventy miles between Seoul and Kungsang were covered quickly. The pilot looked suddenly at his watch, thrust open the porte.

"Zero on the button, boys. Jump!" he said.

They jumped. The descent was bumpy, ended by a rough fall through a clump of trees.

"*Sacre bleue!*" Briquet said, picking himself up painfully.

"If that means the same as '*Holy Hannah*,' I agree," Bill Haven said.

The two men quickly gathered in their chutes, hid them in a clump of brush. Haven looked at his watch.

"We haven't much time left," he said. "It'll be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"Oui," Briquet replied, "except for one thing. We can eliminate the possibility that Dr. Senn is out of uniform. A Korean who caught a Chinese unarmed would slit his throat! Therefore, he must still be among the Chinese soldiers in the village of Kungsang!"

"Garissoned by only a hundred men!" Haven said sarcastically. "One out of a hundred! Well, let's go!" He glanced at his compass and began walking northeast. Briquet followed.

"Halt!" a voice barked suddenly in Chinese.

"Huh?" Haven asked, surprised.

Briquet paused, tensing himself. He sent a query in Chinese ahead toward the looming figure of the 'volunteer' soldier.

"Get him!" Briquet said suddenly. Haven leaped!

The Chinese sentry met him with bayonet levelled, grinning with hate. Haven ducked fast. He caught the rifle barrel in his hand and threw his weight on it. The soldier went down. Haven wrenched away the rifle and whirled it aloft. When it came down there was a thud.

"Excellent, *mon ami*," The French captain observed.

"By the way, what did you ask him?" Haven said as they trudged forward.

"Oh, just if he were Dr. Senn," Briquet remarked. "He might have been, you know."

Presently they came to a small hut. Then another. A minute later they stood in the shade of trees on the edge of the square of the village of Kungsang.

"Soldiers," Briquet whispered, pointing to a crowd in the middle of the square.

"And Korean peasants," Haven said. "What the devil . . ."

"They are having a requisition of grain," Briquet announced. "The Chinese commander is demanding what remains of the peasants' grain." He paused, listening carefully. "The peasants don't like the idea."

They inched their way forward. Haven glanced at his watch and groaned. "The United Nations attack begins in ten minutes. We're too late. No time now to find Dr. Senn."

"How you say it?" the Frenchman asked quietly. "Never say die?"

"That's how we say it," Haven chuckled quietly.

Under cover of the crowd's excitement they merged themselves gradually with the other peasants. Haven kept his eye on the Chinese commander. Briquet searched the faces of the soldiers.

"You will give us the grain we demand!" the commander shrieked, waving his pistol. "Or your village will be burned to the ground!"

"But, honorable commander," the peasant leader began. "We have no grain left. Our children starve . . ."

"You will not have the chance to starve," the commander barked. "You will all be shot if you fail to obey!"

Haven cocked an ear toward the sky. Was that . . . his brain shouted silently. It was! Paratroop planes!

The Chinese soldiers looked at the sky uneasily. Their rifles, held at the ready, came up in their tense hands.

"Merely enemy bombers," sniffed their commander disdainfully. "They will not attack a village as tiny as Kungsang!"

There was an interval of strained silence. From across a space between them, the peasants and the Chinese 'volunteers' stared at each other. Haven's nerves began vibrating. Then:

Brrruuuup! Bruuuuuuuuup!

Haven shot his glance skyward. Paratroopers! From a hundred burp guns, warning shots sprayed, circling the enemy troops with a ring of death.

"Fire!" the Chinese commander screamed.

Briquet dashed forward suddenly as the tension among the enemy soldiers broke. He pulled a soldier to the ground. Haven was behind. They sat on the man.

Panic had laced through the enemy.

"Evacuate Kungsang!" came the Chinese order.

As the paratroopers began hitting ground, the Chinese took advantage of the lull. They dashed for the north end of the village and the safety of the narrow stream that bounded it. On the way a squad paused, its sergeant catching sight of what looked like two Korean peasants sitting on a Chinese soldier.

"Liberate our comrade!" he ordered.

Two soldiers double forward. Haven went for them. Then Briquet followed.

Haven's foot shot out, caught the soldier coming at him in the chin. The man's burp gun fell neatly into his hands. Within seconds Haven was laying down a deadly barrage of fire. The Chinese hesitated momentarily, then broke. Minutes later, the last of their survivors were swimming the hundred-yard width of the stream, with United Nations paratroops pursuing.

Haven went back to Briquet. He saw the Captain who had been in charge of the paratroop attack approaching. Haven took out a credential pass, waved it in front of the Captain.

"Haven, huh?" The Captain said, smiling. "They told us we'd probably find you here. How's your mission?"

Haven and the Captain turned to Briquet and the Chinese soldier.

"Dr. Senn, I presume?" Briquet said to the soldier in English.

The other tottered, smiled weakly. "I am Dr. Senn," he replied.

Haven stared in amazement.

"But I cannot understand," Dr. Senn continued, "How you managed to find me in that crowd of soldiers!"

"Neither can I!" Haven said.

Briquet smiled airily. "A mere bagatelle!", he exclaimed. "A nothing, in fact. I had nothing to go on until the paratroop attack began. Then I kept a sharp eye on all the Chinese soldiers in sight. It wasn't difficult to spot Dr. Senn among them then, because all of the Chinese soldiers but one were struck with fright. And the one that wasn't was smiling happily!"

CAPTAIN Briquet glanced impishly at Dr. Senn.

"But that wasn't the only evidence I had. I also noticed that when the enemy commander gave the order to fire, *all* the soldiers began firing at the descending paratroopers, including the one who had smiled. Of course, Dr. Senn had to keep up the illusion of being a Chinese 'volunteer' soldier to the last instant!"

Dr. Senn put a hand out. "But I didn't aim at anything!" he cried.

"It didn't make any difference," Briquet laughed. "Only a scientist would be absent-minded enough to do what you did, anyway. You forgot to load your rifle!"

THE END

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

HOT ROCK CHARLIE

THERE GOES THE HOT ROCK! FOR AN OLD PILOT, HE FLIES LIKE A KID IN BASIC TRAINING!

YEAH, WHEN WE GET UP TO THE FIGHTING AREA, HE'LL GET US ALL IN TROUBLE! HE'S SURE CAN HANDLE THAT JET THOUGH! HE'D BE ALL RIGHT IF HE DIDN'T SHOOT HIS FACE OFF ABOUT WHAT A HOT PILOT HE WAS IN WORLD WAR II!



5528

A PILOT IN THE U.S. AIR FORCE TODAY IS A HIGHLY TRAINED SPECIALIST WHO DOES HIS JOB COOLY AND EFFICIENTLY -- A DIFFERENT BREED THAN THE SWASH-BUCKLING SKY JOCKIES OF OTHER DAYS! BUT CAPTAIN CHARLIE PETERS WAS A THROWBACK -- A MAN WHO LIKED TO TALK! THE YOUNGER MEN FOUND HIM HARD TO TAKE!

CAPTAIN PETERS -- OR CHARLIE, AS HE LIKED TO BE CALLED, JOINED THE NEWLY FORMED SQUADRON 238 IN TOKYO! HE WAS OLDER THAN THE OTHERS...

Hi, boys! The name is [redacted] I'M LIEUTENANT ART PETERS -- CHARLIE PETERS! WHERE DO WE CHOW DOWN AROUND HERE?



YES, SIR, YOU BOYS HAVE IT SOFT! WHY IN THE OLD DAYS, WE...

LET'S SKIP THAT, CAPTAIN! HERE'S THE CLUB...

OFFICER'S CL



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

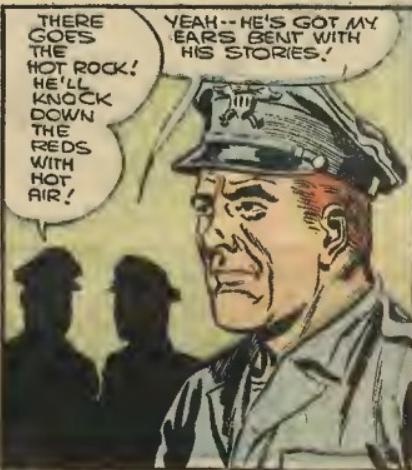
"YES, SIR, THEM MESSERSCHMITTS WERE ROUGH! IT TOOK ME A MONTH BEFORE I GOT MY FIRST SIX!"

"GRAY, OKAY, SO YOU'RE A REAL HOT ROCK--SIR! BUT WHEN WE TANGLE WITH THE MIGS, I HOPE YOU FLY AS WELL AS YOU TALK!"

THE NICKNAME STUCK--AND CAPTAIN PETERS QUICKLY BECAME KNOWN AS 'HOT ROCK CHARLIE', A BRAGGART AND A BORE...



CAPTAIN PETERS KNEW THE MEN HAD BEGUN TO AVOID HIM-- AND HIS ATTEMPTS TO MAKE FRIENDS WERE FAILURES! EVEN WHEN THE FLIGHT TOOK OFF FOR THE FORWARD AREA, HE WAS LEFT OUT OF THE GROUP...



"THESE KIDS ARE DIFFERENT! IN THE OLD DAYS, WE USED TO GET A KICK OUT OF SHOOTIN' THE BREEZE!"

THE SEOUL AIRPORT WAS SMALL--MOST OF THE PILOTS HAD TO MAKE MORE THAN ONE PASS BUT CHARLIE PETERS CAME IN SMOOTHLY...



NICE LANDING! ISN'T THAT CHARLIE PETERS' PLANE?"

"YES, SIR! HE'S A GOOD PILOT, HAS A FINE RECORD! BUT HE'S HURTING THE MORALE OF THE SQUADRON..."

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MOST ANY
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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE



AN HOUR LATER, THE SQUADRON LANDED, JUBILANT AFTER THEIR FIRST FIRE FIGHT. THEY FOUND HOT ROCK CHARLIE IN THE PX, HOLDING FORTH...



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

AFTER ENCOUNTERING HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AND A FLIGHT OF MIGS, THE 238th WERE JUMPY WHEN THEY RETURNED...

HOW'D IT GO, BOYS?

BAD-- ALL BAD! AND YOU'RE THE JINX, CAPTAIN! MAYBE IF YOU'D QUIT FAKing ENGINE TROUBLE, WE'D DO BETTER!

I'M NOT FLYING ANOTHER MISSION WITH THIS SQUADRON UNTIL YOU'RE OUT OF IT, AND THE OTHER GUYS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



SO THEY GANGED UP ON ME! I DON'T GET IT! WHAT I TOLD THEM ABOUT THE LAST WAR WAS THE TRUTH, YOU KNOW THAT, SIR!

I KNOW IT, CHARLIE -- BUT THEY DON'T! I'VE GOT TO TRANSFER YOU!



CAPTAIN PETERS WAS TRANSFERRED TO AN F18G RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON. MEANWHILE, THE 238th WAS KEPT BUSY FIGHTING MIGS...

I HEAR THE 238th IS TAKING A BEATING, SIR! I REMEMBER IN THE OLD DAYS IN EUROPE HOW YOU LED YOUR OUTFIT! YOU COULD HELP THEM NOW!

MAYBE NOT, BOB! THEY SEEM TO THINK I'M JUST A BLOWHARD! IS THE SHIP READY? I'VE GOT TO MAKE A PHOTO RECON RUN!



LATER...

THERE'S MY OLD FLIGHT, AND THERE'S A GANG OF MIGS ABOVE THEM!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THE AMERICAN FIGHTERS WERE CAUGHT COLD! AT THE LAST MINUTE, THE JETS DROVE FOR SAFETY! THE REDS WERE RIGHT ON THEIR HEELS.

WATCH IT, DICK!

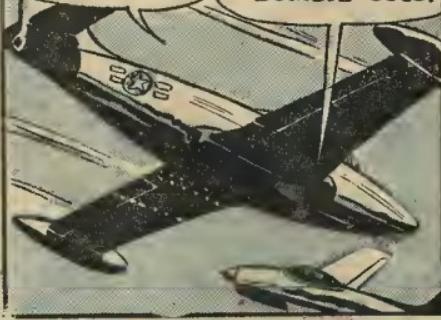
SO HAVE YOU, ART! LOOKS LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE WAY OUT!



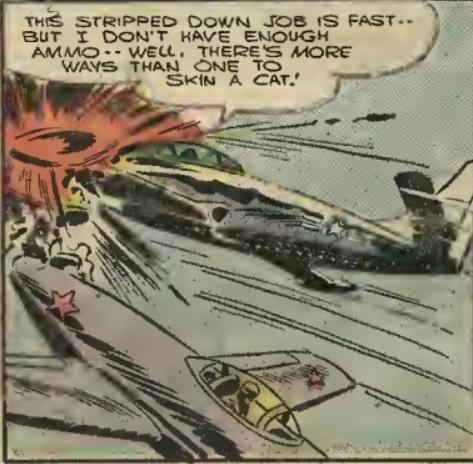
THEN, IN A SCREAMING DIVE, THE LIGHTLY ARMED RECON PLANE TORE THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER ACROSS THE PATHS OF THE RED MIGS...

TAKE OFF, BOYS! I'LL HANDLE THESE GUYS!

HEY -- THAT WAS HOT ROCK CHARLIE'S VOICE -- AND IT SOUNDED GOOD!



THIS STRIPPED DOWN JOB IS FAST.. BUT I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH AMMO -- WELL, THERE'S MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN A CAT!



CHARLIE'S PLANE WAS DAMAGED -- AFTER THE DOG - FIGHT, THE FIELD AT THE 238th WAS CLEARED FOR AN EMERGENCY LANDING...

PETERS ALWAYS WAS GOOD! HE LAID THAT CRATE IN THERE LIKE A FEATHER! HE'S COMING BACK TO THIS SQUADRON!



I TAKE EVERYTHING BACK!
I'LL NEVER CALL YOU HOT ROCK CHARLIE AGAIN!

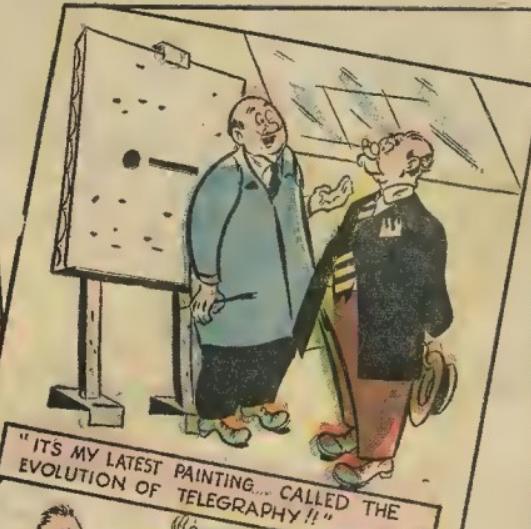
KEEP CALMING HIM THAT! WE DID WHEN HE WAS THE BEST PILOT IN OUR OUTFIT! AND, INCIDENTALLY, CHARLIE, YOUR TWO KILLS WERE CONFIRMED ON THAT FIRST MISSION!



THE END...

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

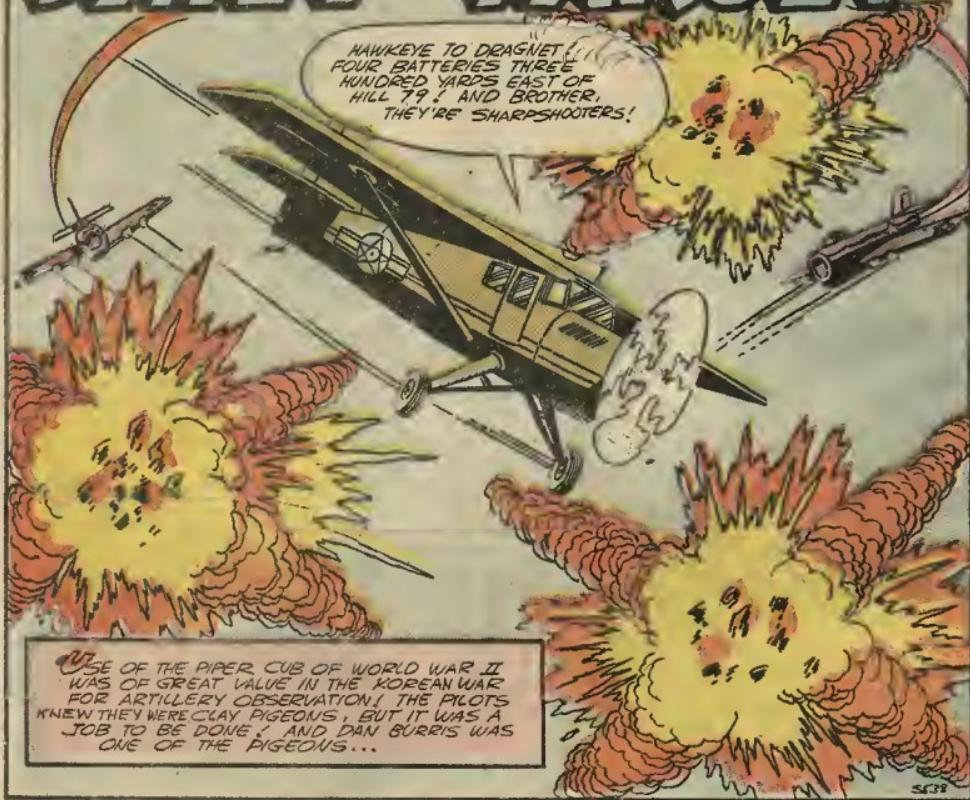
YELLOWJACKET BEE STINGS



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

DAILY TARGET

HAWKEYE TO DRAGNET:
FOUR BATTERIES THREE
HUNDRED YARDS EAST OF
HILL 79! AND BROTHER,
THEY'RE SHARPSHOOTERS!



USE OF THE PIPER CUB OF WORLD WAR II
WAS OF GREAT VALUE IN THE KOREAN WAR
FOR ARTILLERY OBSERVATION! THE PILOTS
KNEW THEY WERE CLAY PIGEONS, BUT IT WAS A
JOB TO BE DONE! AND DAN BURRIS WAS
ONE OF THE PIGEONS...

CAPTAIN BURRIS WAS A QUALIFIED JET PILOT,
BUT SOMEONE HAD TO FLY THE SLOW, UN-
ARMED OBSERVATION PLANES... MOST PILOTS
DIDN'T LAST TOO LONG ON THE JOB...

YOU REALLY CAUGHT IT
TODAY, SIR! THIS IS THE
THIRD SHIP YOU'VE HAD
AND IT WON'T LAST
MUCH LONGER.

THEY'RE CHEAPER
JETS, ALEX--
AND OUR PLANES
KNOCKED OUT
FOUR AA
BATTERIES
TODAY!

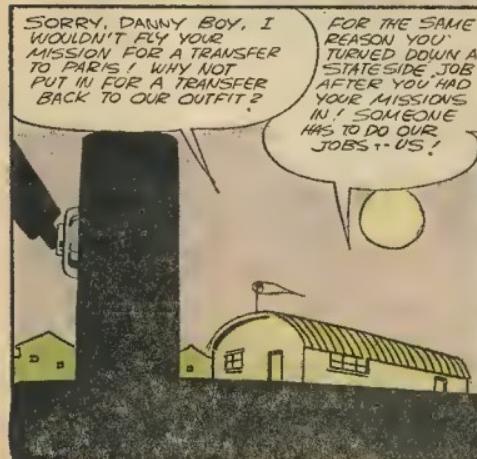
HOW DO YOU FEEL,
DAN? WANT GROUND
DUTY FOR AWHILE?

I'M ALL RIGHT,
DICK! I'LL LET
YOU KNOW WHEN
I'M READY TO STAY
ON THE GROUND!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

IN THE DISPATCHES THEY'D CALL IT 'ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY' -- BUT DAN BURRIS PUT NO LIMIT ON WHAT HE CONCEIVED HIS DUTY TO BE ...



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

WHEW! I GOT AWAY THAT TIME -- BUT HE'LL GET ME ON THE NEXT PASS

DAN BURRIS STOOD THE LIGHT TRAINER ON IT'S EAR...

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

THIS IS ACE, DAN! HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT SKEET SHOOTIN'?

YOU CAN HAVE MY NEXT CIGARETTE RATION, ACE! I WAS A SITTING DUCK!

THE REDS ARE BACK AGAIN AT THEIR OLD SPOT! START THROWING HARDWARE -- I'LL DIRECT THE FIRE!

BAROOM!

WITH DAN DIRECTING THE FIRE, THE CHINESE LOST ANOTHER BATTERY! BUT THEY WERE TIRED OF THE GAME...

THE BATTERY IS ONCE MORE DESTROYED! WE MUST WITHDRAW! THE MOSQUITO WHICH SEES ALL IS RESPONSIBLE!

OUR GLORIOUS PILOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THERE IS THE YANKEE... C'MON, GET HIM!

I'M IN A BOX THIS TIME -- AND ACE ISN'T AROUND TO HELP ME!



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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THE MIG'S ROARED IN--THE CONCENTRATED FIRE OF THREE PLANES TORE DAN'S PLANE'S TO SHREDS...

DRAGNET, THIS IS HAWKEYE! I'M BAILING OUT. I'LL PROBABLY LAND IN A RICE PADDY SOUTH OF HILL 79!



THEY CAN'T HIT ME AT THIS DISTANCE -- BUT IT WON'T TAKE 'EM LONG TO GET ME AFTER I GET DOWN ...



MEANWHILE, THE WORD GOT AROUND FAST-- BURRIS WAS DOWN ...

THEY GOT DAN'S PLANE! LET'S GO, BOYS! THE COLONEL'S ALREADY ALERTED THE FLIGHTS IN THE AIR!



GOT ONE, ANYWAY-- BUT HE'S GOT FRIENDS!



KEEP HIM COVERED TILL THE WHIRLYBIRD GETS HERE! A MARINE FIGHT IS UPSTAIRS WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE TARGET!

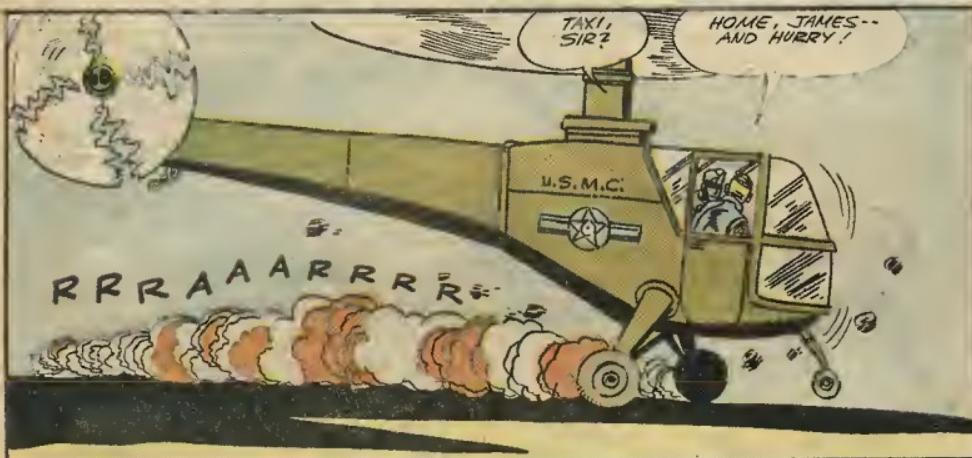


FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

LET'S SHOW THESE AIR FORCE JOKERS HOW TO DO A JOB, BOYS!



IT SEEMED THAT EVERY PLANE IN KOREA WAS ON THE JOB -- THEN HE HEARD THE EGGBEATER COMING IN...



THAT WAS QUICK SERVICE, ARTIE! WHERE'D ALL THE PLANES COME FROM?

THE COLONEL PASSED THE WORD -- FROM THERE ON THE BOYS TOOK OVER! SEEMS THEY DIDN'T WANT YOU KILLED FOR SOME REASON!



FOR ACTION ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, WE HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH THE ORDER OF THE SITTING DUCK -- THE RED'S FAVORITE TARGET!

ALL KIDDING ASIDE, FELLOWS, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR PULLING ME OUT OF THERE. THE COLONEL OFFERED ME A JET PLANE AGAIN -- BUT I'LL BE BACK IN MY OLD PIPER CUB IN THE MORNING!



The End

KIDS!

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to send for the
new plastic

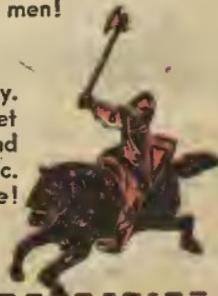


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OVERNIGHT
CASE

SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



TABLE TENNIS SET



GAS MOTOR
FOR YOUR
RICYCLE



ROLLER
SKATES

BROWNIE
MOVIE CAMERA
PROJECTOR
SCREEN

JET PLANE
WITH GAS
ENGINE



TYPEWRITER

WOODDURNING
RET



CHEMISTRY SET

Here's How You Get Your Prizes

Rush your name and address on a post card and we ship you ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 Mottoes ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottoes, send us \$4.00 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Then send TODAY for 24 Mottoes ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottoes and send payment. Within 16 days, I'll give you a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. E-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

The FUNman, Dept. E-109,
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE
CATALOG**

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottoes, to sell at \$5.00 each. Also include my Prize Catalog FREE with the catalog. I enclose \$1.00 extra for the BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and send the money. I want to keep a cash commission as explained. INCLUDE DETAILS OF HOW I MAY WIN THE EXTRA BIG PRIZES.

Name _____

Street or RFD _____

Town _____

Zone _____ State _____



SCOUTING
EQUIPMENT

1 TUBE
RADIO SET



**\$1,000.00 IN
EXTRA PRIZES!**

You can get most prizes on this page by sending me one set of 24 Religious Mottoes. In addition, I offer these wonderful extra prizes which tell you how you may win! All details sent free along with 24 Mottoes I send you on credit.

21-INCH
TV SET

COCKER SPANIEL

WALRUS-TALKIE

LIVE WESTERN
COWBOY HORSE

BOY'S
OR GIRL'S
BICYCLE

